



J. Carwitham Sculp.



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THE
Merry Milkmaid
OF
ISLINGTON:
OR, THE
Rambling Gallants Defeated.
Acted at
NEW MARKET.



LONDON,
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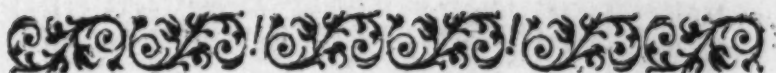
MILITARY HISTORY

OF THE

BRITISH ARMY



Printed by W. H. Jones at the Press of the
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The PROLOGUE.

You're not t'expect from hence the Modish Sport;
Abusing either City, or the Court:
The Poet's mannerly and cautious too,
And neither will affront himself, nor you.
'Faith, both are needless; since 'tis done, each Day,
By you who judge, and him who writes a Play:
Nor does he Controversies set afoot;
But thinks it better, if none else wou'd do't:
Nor tells you what Religion he is on;
May be, like some of you, he is of none.
You're eas'ly pleas'd, and please the Poets too, }
Now that the Criticks have no more to do. }
The Devil's in them that censure Farce and Show;
Who'd be a Poet then, at least, to you?
Who, when he writes, is Fool and Coward too.
How do you murder Men of that Profession?
There's hardly one, that ever 'scapes a Session.
For once, be courteous to a Country Muse,
Untaught such Tricks the Wits of London use;
And in short time, he may find out the Way
To write fine Poppet Plays, as well as they.



The ACTORS NAMES.

M E N.

*S*ir *Jeffer*y *Folt*, a half-witted Knight.
Lovechange } two Town-Gallants.
Wencblove }
Anthony, a Clown, Sir *Jeffer*y's Man.

W O M E N.

*Artez*him, the Lady *Folt*.
Isabella, a lost Gentlewoman.
Margery, the Milkmaid to Lady *Folt*, her
Cofin disguis'd.
Tapster.
Porters.
Hostess.

The Scene ISLINGTON, or thereabouts.



THE



T H E

Merry Milkmaid

O F

ISLINGTON.

Enter Sir Jeffery Jolt, Anthony his Man.

Sir Jeff. **Y**OU, that call your Sins your
Duty, obey your Ladies
Riots ; preserve your Spittle
to cure your salt Itch, and thred in Bracelets
the Pearls that drop from her Authentick
Nose !

Ant. Cud's heart, Sir, what do you mean ?

Sir Jeff. To cleave you from the Scull to
the Twist, make nine Skittles of thy Bones,
and wind thy Heart-strings about my
Thumb.

Ant.

Ant. Sir, have a care what you do ! so rotten are my Limbs, that if you blow on me too hard, I am straight scatter'd into Sand.

Sir Jeff. Coward, creep into my Hour-glass then, and there eternally distinguish fatal Time !

Enter Artezhim.

Artez. What Slave disturbs my quiet ?

Ant. Ne'er look, Sir, I serve my Lady, and scorn to yield.

Sir Jeff. Dost bristle Porcupine ?

Ant. Take heed, Sir ! I have the Malady of France.

Art. Withdraw your violence ; if you disorder but a Hair that belongs to my meanest Groom, I will proclaim my superiority, and rule i'th' Streets.

Sir Jeff. Hell cannot miss thee long.

Art. Insult in thy own Pigs-sty : This Appartment calls me Sovereign. *Tony*, send in one that waits there.

Sir Jeff. What will she do at last ?

Art. A slow Device, Sir ; but, of my own Brain.

Enter Lovechange.

Sir Jeff. What art thou ?

Love. A kind Guest invited here.

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* To what?

Love. To taste your Wife's Gammons.

Sir *Jeff.* Bold Sir, be in your speech more plain.

Love. I come to get Children for you.

Art. Do you want plainer Paraphrase : He is my Servant, Sir ; my Stallion, if I please ; a Courtly Complement, and much in use among Ladies of Growth and Blood.

Sir *Jeff.* O my cold blood ! This Woman will distract me.

Art. You see I'm furnish'd : Now your Concubine may share you, and the House in peace.

Sir *Jeff.* I stop my Ears to thy bold Clamours : But for you, Sir, the Minutes you must waste on Earth are few.

Love. This I consider, Sir, and therefore make such hast to mingle with your Wife, that the kind World may have some Issue from my Loyns.

Sir *Jeff.* If this prove true, may Cats piss out my Eyes.

[*Love. draws.*

Art. Hold, weak *Jeff.* or else I'll wound thy Heart.

[*Art. draws a Dagger.*

Love. If you advance one inch beyond that Chink, I'll through the Streets blow your Dirge, with the great Horn that grows upon your Brow.

Sir *Jeff.* A whole Shower of Gall is fallen at once.

Love.

The Merry Milkmaid

Love. 'Uds life, Sir, I come to ease the labour of your Body, and you want Courtesie to return thanks.

Art. Hang him, ungrateful !

Love. But what hereafter I perform, shall be for your Lady's sake, not yours.

Sir Jeff. For all this, I know you will not wrong my Bed.

Love. Who told you so ?

Sir Jeff. I read it in your Noble Feature, and your Shape.

Love. The better shap'd I am, Sir, the more cause you'll have to love the Issue I shall get upon your Wife.

Sir Jeff. I know thou scorn'st to do't.

Love. Not I, believ't, Sir, I must do't. Is your Lady fruitful ? I would be loth to lose my labour on her.

Sir Jeff. Death, and the Devil !

[*Offers to draw ; they laugh at him.*]

Art. I'll have a Trumper and a Drum, and found to the World thy living Shame.

Love. O fie, Sir ! What own your Disgrace aloud, as if you were proud on't ?

Art. Nay, it becomes you finely.

Love. You think, because you're curst, we'll allow you short Horns ; no, I'll graft upon your Head a Pair so tall, they shall go near to prick the very Planet that rul'd at your Nativity.

Art. He sleeps.

Love.

Love. Take down a Cushion, and pray, Sir: You cannot chuse but know the frailty of the times, the Surfeits of the Womb, and how great Ladies use to relieve their Appetites: Your own confession of my parts commends your Wife in her choice: There are, that sin with feeble Ushers, and wither'd Dwarfs.

Art. He wants judgment to consider this.

Love. I merit better Looks, Sir, that must thrash all Night for you, and without Wages too, Sir.

Art. Dead as a Monument—— Let us leave him.

Love. Had he chose the Devil for his Physician, he could ne'er come by the like Cordial.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Sir *Je^r*. I follow you.

Exit.

Enter Isabella alone.

Isa. The Day begins to break; and trembling Light, as if affrighted with the Night's disaster, steals through the farthest Air, and by degrees salutes my weary longings: New *Singing within.* Fears assault me. 'Tis a Woman's voice, and chearfully expresses her freedom: Be propitious, thou Regent of my Fate, and guide her hither to my comfort!

Enter

Enter Margery singing as going a-Milking.

*Marg. What a pleasant life the Milkmaid
(leads!
She trips and dances o'er the Meads;
She dabbles in Dew,
And sings to her Cow,
And cries, fond Love, I defie thee
(now;
She sleep's in the Night, though she
(toyls in the Day,
And merrily passeth her time away.*

*Marg. Ha ! What filken Butterfly's
yonder ! She looks not like one that had
kept her self warm at the Brick-kilns : Yet
filk Petticoats many times are glad of worse
Lodging.*

Isa. Goodmorrow, Maid !

*Marg. Should I salute you so, 'twould bring
my Wit in question : Pray, what are you ?*

Isa. A distressed Maid.

*Marg. A Maid at your Years, and so
near London ; where the Sale of a Maiden-
head at fifteen is as rare as a light Wench's
Conversion.*

*Isa. Good Maid, Wife, or Widow, for
sure you are a Woman, do me a courteous
Office, and guide me to some House.*

Marg.

Marg. It seems, you are a kind Country Gentlewoman, that has bestow'd your Maidenhead on your Father's Man, and are come up to have a Citizen solder your broken Ware: The Policy is grown stale; 'twould hardly take, ever since the Ballet curst the Carrier that brought her to Town.

Isa. Do you, from the abundance of your own Ills, suspect mine?

Marg. The Toy is angry; it would fain counterfeit something to make me her Agent; but you are deceived, my pretty Morfel of Wantonness, my self and my Pail are both honest; I am not the Blade's Intelligencer, whether *Doll* and *Moll* remove their Lodgings to escape the Constable, and *Bridewell*; I will to my Cows, and leave you to the fate of the Morning: Despair not of a Customer; but be sure I catch you not napping; For, if I do, expect no mercy: I hate Hedge-coupling worse than fasting at *Christmas*.

Isa. If you are good, stay and comfort me, the sense of my distress stops further speech.

[*Swoons*]

Marg. Ha! she swoons, poor Gentlewoman: Should she miscarry, I were in danger of being thought her Murderess. Alas! she's dead---Why *Tony*, *Tony*, help me, a Gentlewoman is fallen dead.

B

Enter

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Why, what is she dead ?

Marg. Nay, that's as hard to tell, as the success of my Danger.

Ant. Is she quite dead ?

Mar. I, I, quite.

Ant. And are not you in a pickle, *Margery*? Dead, she is not dead, she moves.

Marg. Pull her by the Nose.

Ant. I, I, pull it off; no matter for spoiling her face, if she be dead.

Marg. Wring her by the little Finger.

Ant. Her little Finger is ring'd, and I'd wring it off, if I could.

Marg. No robbing of the dead, *Tony*.

Ant. Why, what a Devil should the Dead do with living Movables ?

Marg. Cast Water in her Face.

Ant. Blow Wind in her Arse; can Water make one alive that's dead, unless it be hot Water ?

Marg. She stirs, give her more Air.

Isa. E'er you return me to my angry Uncle, my Soul shall fly, and meet with my dearest Embraces.

Ant. Why, what a Devil do you mean, Mistress Gentlewoman ?

Isa. You are Murderers of all my content; you serve the world for base reward,
and

and that shall render you base to Opinion.

Ant. Pr'ythee, *Margery*, let me conjure down this Devil in her Tongue, 'twill raise a Tempest else : Murderers, and base ? pray, Gentlewoman, who do you speak all this to ?

Isa. To you, the Injurers of my Love.

Ant. Hey day ! she's mad ; Love with a vengeance ! Come, come, I must take her aside, and give her satisfaction.

Marg. I pitty your feeling Sorrows, would I could comfort you !

Isa. Since my distrefs has made me an Object of your Pity, pray lead me to some House, for I am wond'rous faint.

Marg. That I will, what e'er comes on't.

[*Ex. Marg. Isa.*

Ant. But pray, *Margery*, forget not my Breakfast : Rising early, and rambling about, has got me a good Stomach ; yet I could be content to fast with such laced Mutton, and a good Challice, more than half a Morning.

Enter Artezhim.

Art. The blind that *Lovechange* and I cast upon our Actions, must be withdrawn with discretion, lest my Reputation fall in the Encounter.

Ant. Here's my Lady : Now for a trick to put upon her, to revenge my Master's Wrongs : Madam, as I was in the Market to fetch sweet Brier I met a Maid ; she told me, she was in danger of losing a piece of Ground, which was her own by Inheritance, and left her by her Mother : Now there's a Knight would fain inclose it, and lay it to part of his Mannour.

Art. Where lies this Land ?

Ant. Not far off : She would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serve his turn.

Art. Has she given you any Writing, to make me better understand the matter ?

Ant. This is the Survey, not only of the Mannour it self, but the Meadow, Pasture, Plow-land, Coney-borrow, Fish-pond, Hedge, Ditch, and Bush that stands in't.

Art. My Husband's hand to't, and a Love-letter ! Where had it you ?

Ant. From the foresaid Knight's fingers.

Art. Sir Jeffery turn'd Ranger ?

Ant. Madam, you are a good Huntress : Though she love now and then to have a private Burrow ferreted for her own pleasure, yet she won't allow him to run down a Deer : Sir Jeffery would fain be a Ranger ; But she requests you to let him run a Course in your own Park : If you'll not do it for love, then do't for money ; she has no Silver, but there's
Gold ;

Gold ; or else she prays you to Ring him by this Token, and so you shall be sure his Note will not be routing in other Folks Pastures.

Art. This Purse and Ring was mine, I know them : To requite your pains, take thou the Gold.

Ant. No, not I ; so I may be call'd in question if I came honestly by it.

Art. These Lines are even the Arrows
Love let fly ;
The very Ink-dropt out of *Venu's* Eye:
To me he ne'er thus writ ;
But Lust can set a double Edge on
Wit.

Ant. Nay, that's true, Madam : a Wench can whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

Art. What is the Creature ?

Ant. One of those Creatures that are contrary to Man, or Woman.

Art. What manner of Woman ?

Ant. A tiny Woman, lower than your Ladyship by the Head and Shoulders ; but as mad a Wench as ever untied a Petticoat.

Art. Why should she send back these, and by you ?

Enter Sir Jeffery.

Ant. 'Ware, 'ware. There's Knavery i'th' Wind.

Art. Did not she send them by you ?

Ant. Never, never : I hope, you won't put that upon me.

Art. Are you so close, you Baud, you Pandering Slave ?

Sir Jeff. Why, how now, Wife ? What's your Quarrel ?

Art. Out of my sight, base Varlet, get thee gone !

Sir Jeff. Away, you Rogue ; what grown a Fighter ? prithee, what's the matter ? How you change ! surely you are not well.

[*Exit. Anthony.*

Art. All is not well, indeed. [*She kneels.*

Sir Jeff. Why dost kneel ?

Art. Earth is Sin's Cushion : *Sir Jeffery !* Husband, I dare not call thee ; I have stol'n that Jewel of my chaste Honour, which was only thine, and given it to a Slave

Sir Jeff. Ha !

Art. On thy Pillow Adultery and Lust have slept ; thy Groom Has climb'd th' unlawful Tree, and pluckt the Sweets ;

A Villain has usurp'd the Husband's Sheets.

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* Did I, out of a sound Faith in you, forget the *Gottish* Monster you entertained, thinking not to fret my Soul by your seeming Lewdness; and now to act the fault indeed! 'Ud's death, who wast made me a Cuckold, who wast?

Art. Your Man *Tony*.

Sir *Jeff.* Worse than Damnation! Bold Strumpet, hang not on me; think'st thou I'll be a Baud to a Whore, and my Wife too?

Art. All I beg is, use me how you will, but darken the Clouds of my Shame.

Sir *Jeff.* How, conceal my Horns: They cannot be hid; nor shall my Revenge: Could not I feed your Appetite?

O Women!

You were created Angels, pure and fair;
But, since the Fall, you tempting Devils are:
You should be Man's Bliss; but you prove
our Rods;

Were there no Women, Men might live like
Gods:

Get from my Sight henceforth, and from
my Bed;

I'll with no Strumpet's Breath be poysoned.

But how drew you him in? Or could he bewitch you? How was the manner?

Art.

Art. Why thus : First he assaulted me with this Battery of beaten Gold ; yet I held out ; but, at last, when this was shot, it charm'd me ; what, do you change ? who sent this Diamond to your Wench ? Could not I feed your Appetite ?

O Men, you were created Angels, pure and fair :

But, since the Fall, you worse than Devils are :

You should our Shields be, but you prove our Rods,

Were there no Men, Women might live like Gods :

Guilty, Sir *Jeffry* ?

Sir Jeff. Yes guilty, my Lady.

Art. Nay, you may laugh ; but henceforth shun my Bed ;

With no Whores leavings I'll be poysoned.

[*Exit.*

Sir Jeff. Oe'rreach'd so finely ? 'Tis the very Diamond and Letter which I sent. This Villain has discover'd all : Well, this is the second-trick she has put upon me : She varies more in mind than e'er the Wind had Points ; Still I the Fool must be ; But, if I break with her, woe be to her, or me !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

A C T II.

*Enter Isabella in Margery's Cloaths, and
Margery in hers.*

Marg. I Hope you are satisfied ; but to what end this Change is I would fain be instructed.

Isa. I'll tell you : When I left my Uncle's House, in a few minutes I was pursued ; now this Disguise shall help me 'scape the search.

Marg. Now, out upon't ! Had I no better opinion of your Honesty than of your Wit, both which smell altogether of the Country, I'd leave you to seek your own Adventures. You have gentilifi'd me with your Cloaths, and you are handsome enough in mine ; for though I am but a Milk-wench, I ever lov'd nearness : Now you shall be my Maid, and wait on me to the City : If I find not out your Sweet-heart let me ne'er be accounted a Prophetess ; and I'm sure I have foretold weather from the turning up of my Cow's Tail.

Isa.

Isa. Dispose of me as you will now : Love has arm'd me with Resolution.

Marg. In this disguise I'll meet the Blade, that Courts me every morning when I go a-Milking to *Islington* : My condition is too low to win upon his desires to marry me, and the other thing without it he shall never have; for I conceive it will not be for my honour.

[*Tony within.*

Ant. Why *Margery*, *Margery*, I say ! My Breakfast : A quick supply of meat, drink, sleep, or I rage presently.

Isa. Bless me, what's that !

Marg. Why 'tis *Tony*, my Master's Rogue, and my Lady's Knave.

Isa. He'll spoil all again.

[*Enter Anthony.*

Ant. Where's this clean-wash'd Chitter-line come give me my Breakfast : Hy day !

Margery gent'li'd, and this Mistress that was ready to die for love, *Margerifi'd* ! Now I swear by Hunger, and that's a strong Oath, I think Women have more Vagaries, than the Devil would have Clients, if he were a Lawyer, and pleaded without Fees

Marg. Keep counsel, Sirrah, you had best; and if my Lady ask for me, say I won't be lost long : So farewell, *Tony*.

[*Ex. Marg. Isa.*

Ant. You will not be lost long ; he's likely to have a sweet Match of it that finds you :

Yet

Yet I could be content my seven Years Service were no worse rewarded; but the Baggage is as coy as an Alderman's eldest Daughter: She has beaten me a hundred times (Coward that I was for suffering it) for attempting to kiss her: If my Hand had slip't going over a Stile or so, 'twould not have vex't me to have kiss't her Hand so, though thrown in my Face; but now I will revenge it upon her Cream-Bowls, over whose Sweets I will triumph — New Mischief; I am again delaid: If I forbear my Breakfast but two Minutes longer, my Guts will shrink to *Minikins*, which I'll bequeath to the poor Fiddlers at *Islington* for a *May-day* Legacy.

Enter Wenchlove, Artez.

Art. Mr. *Wenchlove*, such a kind of Woman my Maid met withal; but as how I am ignorant; Sirrah, call *Margery* forth.

Ant. Which, your *M rger y* Gentlewoman, or your Gentlewoman *Margery*?

Art. Your Trifling's unreasonable, Sirrah.

Ant. Why, Madam, *Margery* is no more plain *Margery*, but *Margery* in Silks; the Gentlewoman and she are run out of themselves one into another.

Wen. But where are they?

Ant. For aught I know, run away one with another.

Art.

Art. Do you run after, and call 'em back.

Ant. 'Tis impossible : Who knows which way they are gone ? Besides 'tis a Mist would choak a Brewer's Horse ; I can't see one Hand from t'other.

Wen. Madam, my suspicion prompts me you are treacherous, and these fair seeming Undertakings trap to catch me.

Art. Nay then, what Mr. *Lovechange* has told me, is true : Sirrah, do you try to overtake them, and we'll follow.

Ant. Oh killing Command ! The best is, if it break my Heart, no matter then for my Belly. Hunger, I defie thee ; Revenge, I hug thee : I will lead a Wild-goose Chace till I come to *Islington*, where I will score two dozen, and reckon with my Hostess's Maid, whose Belly I have fill'd with Marrow-bones and Pudding. [Exit.

Wen. Now, Madam, why do you look so wistly on me ?

Art. I, I, 'tis so : Now the love of Man's Society defend me from this Abuser of Creation ! Come not near me, thou Man of Clouts, thou Maulkin of Virility, thou half Woman, and all Beast, or with these Nails I will tear out thy Eyes, and all the double things about thee.

Wen. Be milder, Madam ; there's nothing in me appears to my self so full of guilt, that it should deserve a reproach from you, a Stranger.

Art.

Art. There's nothing in you indeed, Sir ; your Friend has given me your Character : You pretend to hate Women, because Women have reason to hate you.

Wen. I hate Women ? By my Love of Pleasure, no Delight has any relish on the wanton Palate of my Desires, unless seasoned with what's derived from them.

Art. Yes, Sir ; you may take delight in them, but they little in you : Come not near me, there's infection in't ; my Blood desires no freezing ; the Summer of my Youth is not yet half spent ; or if it were Winter with me, high Feeding and Ease requires something.

Wen. She takes me for an Eunuch, sure *Lovechange* has overdone his part : She has foild him, and now he hopes my downfall : Sweet Madam, hear me ! I love you, and my Desires are throughly fired, and burn my Blood, which nothing can quench but your free enjoying.

Art. Say you so ? Why, I am a Woman, Sir.

Wen. I think you are, and one made up for Pleasure, more than the dull Converse of what's defective.

Art. You say true, Sir : I hear it with a heavy Heart : But I hope, Sir, you would not have me make my Husband a Cuckold.

I'll lead him by the Nose till I put a trick upon him. [*Aside.*]

Wen. Fie! That's a gross Construction; only Shame and common Knowledge does it, not the Act of a Wife's Wantonness.

Art. I need no Instructions for Secresie; trust me a handsome Gentleman: Dare you kiss me, Sir?

Wen. Now it may come about a Pledge for what shall follow.

Art. Pray, Sir, is this a fit Place to make one's Husband a Cuckold in?

Wen. Oh, the fittest Place in the World: Let not any weak Excuse rob my Hopes of enjoying you.

Art. Sir, I defie Weakness: Should some of my Servants come —

Enter Isabella.

Isa. [*Aside*] Ha, *Wench*! All the Race of Mankind is false: I'll watch his eager Pursuit of my Lady, and find a way for Revenge. I do love, but 'tis honourably; and that's a Crime now a-days. [*Exit.*]

Wen. Come, come, we lose the time that might be fruitful of Pleasure.

Art. Indeed, I durst e'en venture to make him a Cuckold, if I were sure you would get a Boy.

Wen.

Wen. Oh ! 'That's doubly sweet.

Art. And shall he be like the Father ?

Wen. As ever Citizen's Son was.

Art. I mean, my Husband.

Wen. I am a Coutier.

Art. Kind Sir, you deserve it for you Policy ; but I am so 'fraid.

Wen. Mischief on these Delays !

[*Sir Jeff. within.*

Jeff. *Artezhim*, where are you ?

Art. O me ! What shall I do ? my Honour, my Honour !

Wen. Vexation racks me ; prevented at the very Point of Happiness ?

Art. Pray hide your self. Sir *Jeffery* will bolt out this way, I fear.

Wen. Pox on't, where, where ?

Art. Happy fortune ! Here's an empty Tub ; get in as nimbly, Sir, as if you were a leaping your Neighbour's Pale, to have a run at his Deer. [*Gets into the Tub.*

Enter Sir Jeff.

Jeff. O *Artezhim* ! I have got a sound Bottle in my Head ; it o'er-charges me.

Art. You make no scruple of pressing upon Womens Retirements.

Wen. Would he was drunk as the Devil, with Wine mixt with *Opium*, that he might sleep for a fortnight.

[*Speaks out of the Tub.*]

Jeff. Hum! What's that, Wife? Oh, my Stomach's sick as a Cat after eating Candles ends.

Wen. Would there were nine Kitlings in't.

Art. Step into the Yard; let not Servants see your Debaucheries.

Jeff. O, I am taken, quick! Why, not in this Tub?

Art. Fie, Beast! Defile a necessary Implement of Hufwifry? You have been drinking of Healths to Cuckolds, your old Frolick.

Wen. He might have been one himself, had not the Devil brought him home an Hour too soon.

[*Lovechange to them.*]

Love. O Madam! Where's Sir Jeffery? Fie, fie, what flinch us, and run home?

Jeff. O, my Head, Mr *Lovechange*, my Head! What shall I do, Wife?

Love. You have received a Blow of the Forehead; it looks as if 'twere swell'd.

Art. No, Sir; you, nor no Man else has given him a blow there yet; I can't tell when it may be done: There's no more than what has been ever since I was his Wife, three Years.

Years and more, a long time of Barrenness.

Enter Isabella with a Pail.

Isa. O Lord, Madam! Why stay you here? We are a coming to wash.

[Throws Water into the Tub.]

Jeff. Oh! Oh! I am sick, I am sick.

[Runs to the Tub, Wench. starts up.]

Wen. Hold, hold! 'eds will you drown me?

Love. How now, *Tom*! What make you here?

Jeff. Oh, mischief on you, Sir! You have spoil'd a good Vomit: I'll lay my Life, he hid himself from my Wife; you told me he was a Woman-hater: Alas, poor Gentleman! To see how things will happen.

Wen. Hell take your Wife, and you too! Accursed Woman, that in your Curse made Man so! Pox of your Delays and fearful Denials!

Love. What, scold so quickly after your Cucking?

Jeff. Good heart; but that he can't endure a Woman, he should kiss my Wife for amends.

Art. Come, come, vex him no more: I'll go sleep a little.

[Ex. Jeff. Art. Love.]

Love. There will be a safe Opportunity for me : I love this Cuckold-making.

Wen. Though you intended a Reformation for your self, you might forbear me : This was your Plot.

Love. Mine ? I never resolved Staidness, but I could alter for my pleasure ; nor can I hate or envy it in others : I am only sorry, *Tom*, that you should drink Water after your sweet Meats.

Wen. O *Tony*, have you made any Discovery ? [To them *Tony*.

Love. Have you been in search of the two Wenches, I saw cross the Fields towards *Islington* ?

Tom. Oh then you took notice of 'em : She in the Silk-Gown you shall have, Mr. *Lovechange*, and the Milk-wench you shall have, Mr. *Wenblowe* ; I have been condogging with her about it.

Both. Thanks, honest *Tony* : There's something for thee

[He takes the Money, his Arms cross behind him.

Tom. So, Sirs ; now here, now there, and now here

Wen. But *Tony*, what is the Milk-wenche's condition ?

Tom. Oh womanish, Sir ; she'll cry when she's angry, laugh when she's tickled, and be sick when she can't have her will.

Wen.

Wen. I mean her Calling.

Ton. She is call'd *Margery*.

Wen. Her Profession then:

Ton. Not very honest, and yet very honest :
She cheats all the world that thinks she is
wanton ; but you will find neither your Arms,
nor your Cosins, can keep their Legs so
close.

Wen. There's more Money for thee ; I
will try that.

Ton. You are as bountiful as a new-made
Knight that's in in hope of Preferment.

Love. But what say'st thou to that I must
have ; how was she born ?

Ton. Why that you had best ask the Mid-
wife.

Love. Is she a Gentlewoman, or not ?

Ton. She is, and she is not ; she is a Gen-
tlewoman, because she loves pride, which
makes Gentlewomen apt to fall, especially
waiting Gentlewomen ; then she is no Gentle-
woman, because, because, because —

Love. Prythee, no more.

Ton. 'Tis well he interrupted me, for 'egad
I had no more Reason than a Horse : But,
Sir, I will bring her to the Bar of your Pre-
sence, where she may answer for herself,
whilst I convert your Bounty into wholesome
Nourishment, from a Bottle of Canary, and
have a bout with my own Turnep.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Isabella and Margery.

Love. By your leave, fair Maid.

Marg. What would you have, Sir?

Love. A little Pleasure, Sweet: Come, come, what's your Price?

Marg. You mistake me, I assure you, Sir.

Love. As if I had not practised Wenching sufficiently to understand a seeming Modesty: I'll come to your Lodging, when I know where it is: But say your Price, a Guinea, or half a Crown?

Isa. Have I found you, Gallant? 'Tis he, whom I too fondly do affect; but mum (*aside*) The truth is, Sir, I have a Maiden-head yet, though it be agreed for; therefore I am dearer, Sir.

Wen. Nay, Sweetheart, thou shalt serve; thy Mistress is too dear: I am loth to pay too dear for Repentance; 'tis but changing Offices, let her hold the Door for thee.

Marg. Pray speak, and mean civilly, you'll not be welcome else.

Wen. Good Lady Light-heels, give your Servant leave to practise the Trade you have taught her: That such Perfection as appears in this Woman should be sold to every base Desire! Come, Wench, I like thy brown
Com-

Complexion ; thou dost not paint, and art the likelier to be wholsom.

Marg. Good Gentleman ! He's jealous, and would circumvent her.

Wen. Here's half a Crown, Girl ; methinks, 'tis a fair Rate.

Isa. What's in me to grant, you shall command.

Wen. I take your Word : The pleasure of your Bed I must have ; I will reward it with a new Gown : Come, dally not with coy Denials.

Marg. I marry, Sir, but not in this place ; but if you please — [*Whispers.*]

Isa. Now Jealousy instruct me : I fear this Woman's nought.

(*Aside.*)

Wen. 'Tis a Motion I like, the Pains will make the Pleasure more sweet in the enjoying.

Marg. Mr. Lovechange, I'll in a word inform you. [*Whispers.*]

Isa. How Fate conspires to make me miserable ! (*Aside.*)

Love. I thank thee, and approve of thy Advice : What say you, *Tom*, to the Fiddlers ?

Wen. With all my Heart : Send in the Minstrels.

Enter

Enter Anthony, old Hostess, both drunk.

Ant. I, I, we will be merry, and in the gallant fashion: Gentlemen, Musick is common; no Man shall stop my Ears, nor my Throat: We must put in amongst you.

Love. By all means, *Touy*, 'twill compleat the Medly. [*Dance.*

Ant. Nay, we know what belongs to that.

[*Love. kiss the Women.*
Come away.

[*They kiss, and reel out. Exeunt.*

A C T III.

Sir Jeffery asleep in a Chair.

Enter Lovechange, Artezh.

Ant. O The Effects of drinking! I could e'en curse my own Kindness, that am ready still to make more of him, than he does of me.

Love. Why don't you then?

Art. What, Sir, I warrant you'd make him a Cuckold.

Love.

Love. 'Tis only giving a Friend leave to do you a pleasure in earnest, which you made me make him believe I would do : The truth is, I do now love you heartily, and have dallied my self into a Flame.

Art. Nay, Mr. *Lovechange*, you were ever kind. But are you as well arm'd as you used to go, if he should prove stubborn ? Now 'twill work. [*Aside.*

Love. No' faith, I must trust to my single Valour : Come, demur not ; let me enjoy those forbidden sweets ; be assured my secrecy is as firm as Night and Locks.

Art. Secrecy, Mr. *Lovechange* ? No ; I'll be open to all the World ; nor will I distinguish Places ; dark or light, 'tis all one to me, were it before my Husband's Face.

Love. Hear then, he sleeps securely, never dreaming of any Forehead's arming.

Art. Fie, Sir, you are such a Tempter ! Pray forbear : many a Woman would not hold out so long.

Love. Consent then, sweet Lady, and we'll to it straight.

Jeff. (*Snores*) 'Ware Horns there.

Love. O Mischief ! What Noise has waked him ?

Art. An Infirmary he has got to talk in his Sleep : Nay, I assure you, he will rise sometimes, and do the Office of a waking Man in

in his Dream, and not know of it in the Morning.

Jeff. Room for a Head-man of the Parish, a Monster of his Wife's making.

Art. O wicked Man ! He dreams now that I would make him a Cuckold.

Love. Pray *Love* it be no counterfeit.

[*Sir Jeff. pulls Love. by the Ears.*

Jeff. And have I taken you, Sir *Lancelot* ? would you be billing with my *Ginivere* ?

Love. Help to pull him off, Madam !

Jeff. For this Attempt King *Arthur* does degrade thee, from a Knight of his Round Table, to be a Squire of his Wife's Body ; so, conduct me to my Bed, where I will beget a Race of Warriours shall Cage the *Great Turk* again, and restore *Constantinople* to the Emperour.

Love. You mistake : Oh ! 'Ud's death, my Perriwig is not a Turbant.

Jeff. Peace follows Victory ; now let me rest.

Art. Pray, Sir, forgive him ! I dare undertake he'll be sorry, when he wakes : If any thing I can do will make amends——

[*Smiles aside.*

Love. Prove his Dream true, when the Smart's over, I shall forget.

Enter

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Madam, some Ladies in the House are not well, and desire your assistance.

Jeff. Who wants Assistance? Who breaks the Kings Peace? Fetch me a Constable's Staff.

Love. He'll dream again; had I best stay?

Ant. Now, Drunkard, are you recover'd yet?

Jeff. What, Mr. *Lovechange* and my Wife! Where's the rest of your Company?

Art. Gone, being weary of such a Sot as you are, to be drunk so early: I had done well to have served you in your own kind: Here was Company enough to have brought me home, and some not far off that used me kindly, whilst you snorted to fright the Fleas, and dream perhaps some wickedness of me.

Jeff. Come, come, I'll buy my Pardon with a new Gown, and a Journey into the Country for a Month.

Art. You know, I am easie to be wrought upon.

Tap. Will you discharge, Mr. *Lovechange*?

D

Love.

Love. Not so willingly ; though I value it not : No Revenge of this dreaming Fox ? What is the Reckoning ?

Tap. Nine and Eleven pence.

Jeff. How's that ? Let's have the particulars : Mr *Lovechange* shall know how he parts with his Money.

Love. Shall he so, kind Sir ?

Tap. Why Sir, Cake, two Shillings, Ale as much, a Quart of mortified Claret Eighteen pence, stew'd Prunes a Shilling.

Art. That's too dear.

Tap. Truly they cost a Penny a Pound of the one-handed Costermonger, out of his Wife's Fish-Basket ; a Quart of Cream, half a Crown.

Love. That's excessive.

Tap. Not if you consider how many Carriers Eggs miscarried in the making of it, and the Charge of Isinglass, and other Ingredients, to make Cream of the four Milk.

Art. All this does not amount to what you demand.

Tap. I can make more ; two three-penny Papers of Sugar, a Shilling ; then you had Bread, Sir.

Jeff. Yes, and drink too, Sir ; my Head takes notice of that.

Tap. 'Tis granted, Sir ; a Pound of Sausages, and forty other things, make it right ; our Bar never errs.

Love.

Love. This can't be, I'll talk with your Mistrefs my self.

[*Exit.*

Jeff. I, do, Sir ; know what you do ; put it to her Conscience.

Art. Owl, when do you think he'll find that ? She's too deep for you or him either : Pr'ythee talk sense.

Jeff. No matter, he'll pay all. Where is the Tapster ?

Tap. Gone, Sir.

Jeff. How, gone ? Give me my Sword and Belt.

Tap. I must have the Reckoning first.

Jeff. Must I pay, must I ?

Art. This Revenge he took for your beating him in your Sleep : I warrant, you never dreamt of all this now.

Jeff. Has he such tricks ? Well, 'tis no matter ; 'tis but a lage Groat for being drunk Here, Sirrah !

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Tap. You're welcome, Sir : Some Profit comes from hence,

I've over-reckon'd nine and twenty Pence.

Enter Isabella, Anthony.

Ant. My Master must have a fair Course with you ; and so he bid me tell you, besides what other kindneses he will do for you : But stuff your Pannier he's resolved to do.

Isa. Ah, *Anthony* ! Why should his lustful Thoughts be bent on me ? Some timely Guardian Angel rescue me from his foul Intent.

Ant. A Pox of this whining ; what an unreasonable thing you are ! There's hardly a Quarter in the House that you may not rest your Limbs in ; and because he has a mind to tire himself in one quarter of yours, you count your self ill used.

Isa. When time gives me a more fair way of opening my self to the World, I'll gratifie thee, if you will but contrive or help to avoid this snare design'd for my Ruin.

Ant. Why, is not this pretty ? She refuses the thoughts of my Master's singly opening of her ; yet in a breath, she says she'll do it to all the world.

Isa. I must confess, I am a Stranger, and have straggled to this House, and have received my Lady *Folt's* protection ; but yet, in return of their bounty, I would not ship-
wreck

wreck my Fame : Where's Margery ? I'll straight consult her about it.

Ant. I know what she'll say, Pox on him for a Baudy Knight ; nay, and very likely call him Cuckold too, for she is pretty well acquainted with the Constitution of my Lady's Longings ; but, since I find thou hast that out-of-fashion quality in thee, Honesty, I'll assist thee, and save thy Moule trap from being baited with Sir Jeffery's dry Cheese.

Isa. O, how shall I give thee thanks fast enough !

Ant (*Aside*) Not a word ; I am afraid she's fallen in love with me, and will come on with a powder, when she falls to : So, to secure all, I'll tell my Lady to spoil him, and fill my Belly soundly to fill hers : Mrs. *Isabella*, I'll not forget you ; adieu ! [Exit.]

Enter Wenchlove and Margery.

Marg. You are informed how I have design'd the matter ; that is, I must be brought to your Lodging in a Basket, as some Moveable Commodity for your special use : My Master is coming this way, therefore about your occasions ; I'll be at your Chamber instantly.

Wen. Well, pretty Maid, I will not doubt your performing your promise : To say any more, were but to retard my Joys ; I'll fly to

my Lodging, where in the dear expectation of your coming, I'll languish, not to be revived but by your sweet sight: So, sweet Mistress, adieu! [Exit.

Isa. Oh unkind *Wenchlove*! Hast thou forgot thy *Isabella*, and all thy Vows and desperate Protestations?

*I must try the Event, Despair may bring
A good Success to an indiff'rent thing.*

Enter Lovechange.

Marg. Since we have agreed, no way but that can be safe; therefore in that great Basket within be you pack'd up, and directed to me: I'll find out an Excuse for my not showing you—I need not say any more.

Isa. Ha! my Brother with *Margery* too! what can this whispering mean?

Love. Pox on't, I do love this Wench; but if I can get a Meal gratis, 'tis better than to have that Bugbear Marriage for an everlasting standing Dish: I'll try all ways; If this fail, then I'll take her for better or for worse: Well, into the Basket I go; be as speedy as you can.

[Exit.

Marg. I'll be there straight.

Isa. O *Margery*! Thy instant help, or I am most miserable.

Marg.

Marg. Hold! I know your Grief: Sir *Jeffery* is the Cause: I heard him a dealing with *Anthony* about it; but I can blow that off with Ease: Make him an Appointment, the Time, Place, and Dress; and then let me alone to compleat the Comedy.

Isa. Thou hast mitigated my Passion with thy promis'd Assistance; but what said my Brother to thee?

Marg. Your Brother? Who's your Brother?

Isa. Vertuous Maid, I'll rely on thy Secrecy; Mr. *Lovechange* is the Man: But conceal it, till your Plot has had its scope; then I'll discover more.

Marg. Ha! You, Mrs. *Isabella Lovechange*, and I not peep into you till now: 'Tis she: Well, since you have told me one thing, then I'll tell you another. I love Mr. *Lovechange*, your Brother.

Isa. Love my Brother? O, beware!

Marg. If my Beauty, which has been flatter'd for a taking one, can win upon his Desires, I'll soon work him to what I please; nay, rather than the Project fail, he shall enjoy, but fairly — I have another Discovery, but that's for the closing Pin.

Isa. Well, as to your Love of my Brother; I'll join with you, when things are ripe. I have but one Doubt.

Marg.

Marg. What may that be? That I am not a Gentlewoman? You shall know, that there's many a Gentlewoman has strok'd the Dug—Hark! I hear *Wench* love: I must retire: Call for the Basket, all shall be well.

[*Exit.*

Isa. I'll force my Passion for once — Here's the Gentleman: Hold Heart — Can he be so near, and I not reproach him? [*Wench. to them.*

Enter two Men carrying a Basket, Love-change m't.

Wen. Now, Wench, is all ready?

Isa. I have pack'd her up like a Dormouse in a Box; I warrant you for hunting her.

Wen. 'Tis a good Wench; I'll give thee a fine Petticoat for this.

Isa. I thank you, Sir: When you are a weary of my Mistress, and cast her off, (as I know you must have change) you shall have my Maidenhead at the same rate; if you please, I'll keep it for you.

Wen. With all my heart.

Isa. Pray use her ne'er the worse for my Promise.

Wen. The better: I'll turn her off within this Fortnight, and send for thee.

Isa. O Sir! 'Tis not fit a Servant should shift her Mistress's Plate, before the Bones are

are clean pick'd : You have Flesh enough to hold out a Month.

Wen. It shall be a Month then.

Isa. Pray, Sir, let me ask you one question.

Wen. *Quickly then.*

Isa. How many Maidenheads have you bought thus.

Wen. Some Nineteen, with thy Mistress.

Isa. Pray let me make up the Score, an even reckoning.

Wen. It shall, it shall ; go away with your Burthen, Fellows ; farewell Wench.

[*Exit. Wenchlove, Basket.*]

Enter Margery.

Marg. Now, Mistress, what think you of it ? Have not I taken a course to let the ~~Shades~~ find their Error ?

Isa. Now I am instructed wholly to commend your Vertue, and steer my Course by your Example : 'Tis time to be gone ; Lust is a gilded Pill.

It mocks the Sense with Pleasure ; but at last,
The shining Out-side leaves a bitter Taste.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Jeffery and Anthony.

Jeff. And is she resolved ? Shall I enter the Port securely ?

Ant.

Ant. The Harbour is deep, yet the Water flows but seldom, the Passage free from drowning : But should my Lady know this —

Jeff. Oh ! ne'er fear that ; she has had her ring, and still she bobs me with it --- only Devises to try me.

Ant. She has try'd you too much her own way, I believe ; therefore I think she need not doubt you now with any other : But the Plot is thus ; the Young Sinner that must be, if you can make her so, will come like *Mother Red-Cap*, to buy Malt of you ; then take her into the Counting House, and try what Figure you can bring her to : a Cypher you need not fear, and the round O is the compleating of your Sum.

Jeff. *Anthony*, I'll give thee *Margery* for this Exploit ; but you must be very careful my Wife take not the Scent.

Ant. I'll set a naked Man in her way, Sir, that will imploy her longer than you will be playing the blunt Prize, of dried *Marrow-bones*, and young *Coney-skins*.

Enter Wenchlove, and two Porters with a Basket.

1st. Port. I vow, 'tis heavy.

Wen.

Wen. That's strange, and she a light Wench,

2d. Port. You say true, Sir: 'Tis enough to break one's Back.

Wen. His Mistake hits upon Truth: Rest you a while then. O witty Luxury! How it whets Invention, makes barren Faculties beget rare Conceits! Pox on't, here's Sir *Jeffery Folt*; he'll certainly stop me: Oh, how I long to see how she looks after this close Confinement! She thinks to have me closer anon, and so she shall.

Jeff. O *Tony*! So there's *Wenchlove*; what must we do with him?

Ant. Well enough; he's upon the like Design: See what's in the Basket.

Jeff. O Mr. *Wenchlove*, what's here? Let's see:—I can't open it: What's in't? What's in't?

Wen. Would 'twere his Wife, I'd be reveng'd for this Rudeness: Let it alone, Sir *Jeffery*, 'tis only a thing that I have a great mind to experiment.

Jeff. Look, *Tony*, what shall I do now?

Enter Art. like Mother Red-Cap.

Ant. To her, ne'er mind him — Now 'ware a Storm. [*aside.*]

Jeff.

Jeff. 'Tis needless to trifle time ; I love,
and must enjoy thee.

Art. Oh, fie, Sir ! what will your Lady say
to this, if we be caught ?

Jeff. Fear not that, good Cuckquean, she'll
ne'er think of such a thing.

Wen. What, Mother *Red Cap* ? How go
Cakes and Maidenheads ? This is not Mo-
ther *Red Cap* — What, my Lady *Jolt* ?

Art. Let him ne'er see my Face more. O
Indignity to my Beauty ! — Die, you weak
Villain ! — O me ! how shall I vent my
Passion ?

Love. I can hold no longer ; let me out.
[*Lovechange in the Basket.*

Ant. Whence came this Voice ? what,
have you got an Humble-Bee in the Basket,
or a Flesh-Fly ? [Comes out.

Love. 'Uds death, I have been sufficiently
mortify'd.

Wench. How came all this ?

Love. I'll tell you ; bargaining for a
little Pleasure with a young Gentlewoman,
whom I thought to be wanton, she engag'd
me in this Adventure to come to her.

Wench. Pox on't, I'm baffl'd in the same
Noose. I expected her to be in the Basket.
Oh, where is this witty Contriver ?

Marg.

Marg. Here, Sirs, and am come to laugh at all your Follies: For I know, Sir *Jeffery* is in the same Labyrinth: But we must make all well again; for he was set on by *Tony* and me; but he and she thought it true. Madam *Jolt* is privy to all this.

Art. 'Tis truth, *Jeff.* This I'll forgive, but no more; if you do, I go to work. Now, Girls, if you were well fitted, a Husband is the least you can expect. And now, *Margery*, I'll discover: You was my Brother's Daughter, put to me to conceal for a time. The Reason's best known to my self.

Isa. To avoid Prolixity, see *Isabella*, who ever had a chaste Flame for this wild *Wench-love*, and *Margery* for you.

Love. Then, by joint Consent, we'll end the Day with Mirth: To *Pancras*, and be marry'd straight. Sister, I am glad I found you in no worse Company.

Wench. Then, virtuous *Isabella*, do you forget, what Heats of Youth has made me guilty of, and I'll remember to be ever just to you.

Love. And thou, *Margery*, deservest more than I can ever repay, or express.

Marg. Let me have but all you can do, and I'll never complain.

Ant. No, 'tis I must complain, who thought to have had *Margery*, instead of my Wages: But for this Triak, the next Maid that comes, down she goes, after once she has dropt a Duck to my Lady.

Art. You see, Gallants, what success attends your Enterprize.
Henceforth account not ev'ry lively Wife Wanton, because she lives a merry Life.

Jeff. So, here's a double Comfort, being wedded;
She's neither false---Nor am I jealous headed.

4 AP 54

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



T H E
E P I L O G U E.

AND how ? and how ? Gallants, what is't but so ?
Our Female Sex abhors short things, we know.

But tell me, Faith, is it not better far,
To ride in Flying Coach, than Dronish Carr ?
Great Theaters, like Husbands cloy'd, move on :
Without long Preparation, nothing's done ;
We finish thrice, e'er they have once begun
One Bout for Broths and Fellies cost you there
More than would buy six merry Pushes here :
Nay, to oblige you, we'll truck Ware for Ware.
Tell me, Good Housewives ———

Is not the Pleasure more, when Butter quickly comes,
Than to be three long Hours a jogging of your Bums ?
To you, Gallants, our Sport no trouble brings ;
All your Delight, we know, 's in little things :
Likewise we so unconscionable are,
We covet to enjoy you only here.

Yet, for Variety, try all the rest ;
That will convince you, our things are the best.
See us again, when you have roam'd your fill,
And the good Wives will make you welcome still.

EPITOLUE

